

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



Commencement Number, 1930

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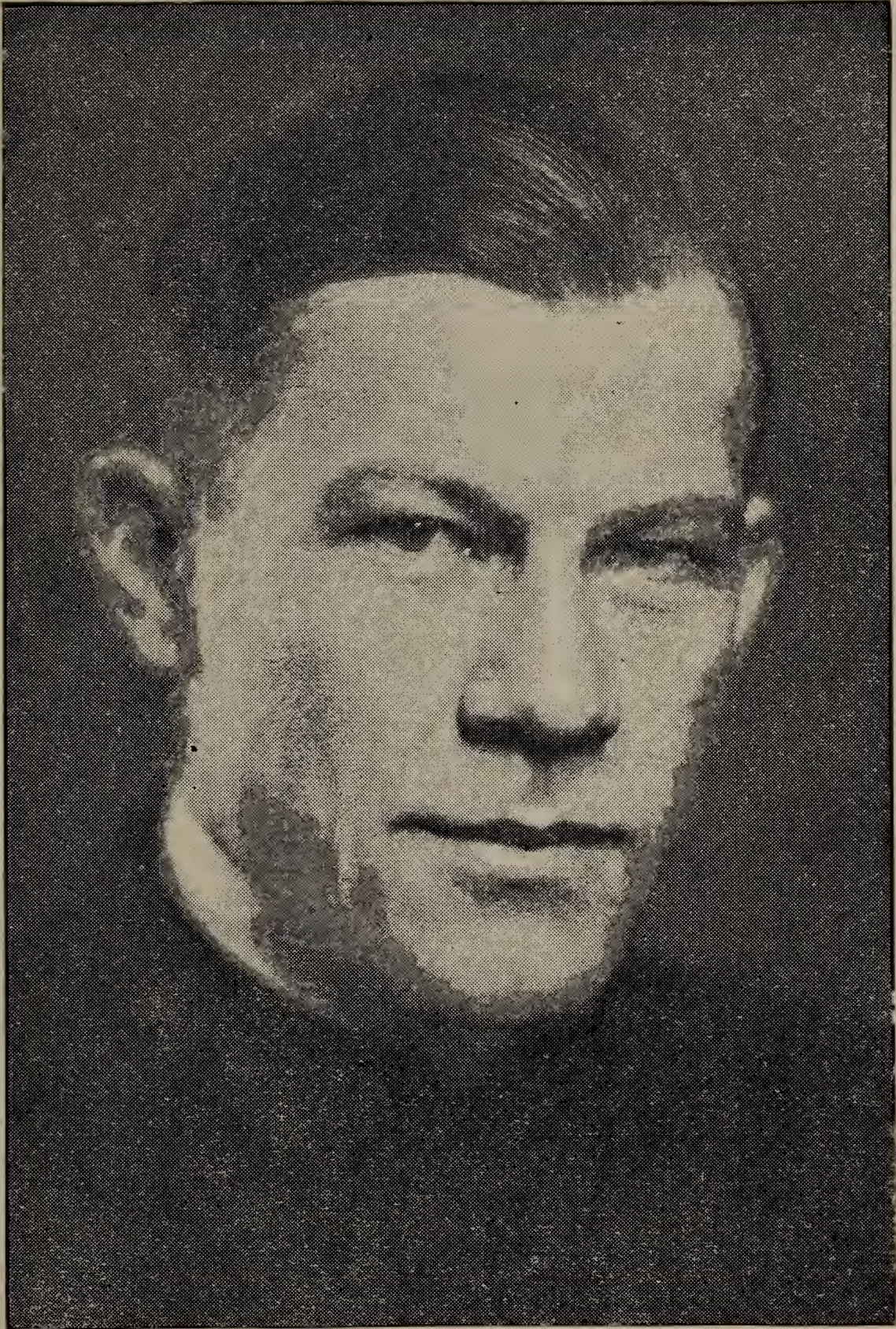
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Dedication

We, the class of '30, sincerely dedicate this final issue of the Collegian to our Very Rev. Rector, Father Joseph Kenkel. At this, the completion of your third year as Rector, dear Father, we, the members of the class of '30, after a general retrospect, find ample reason to manifest in some way our appreciation. As professor, by your prudent and discreet advice, you impressed upon the heart of everyone of us the moral certainty of your unfailing guidance; the unquestioned certitude of your sagacious direction. With eager cooperation and sympathetic interest you aided us, not only as a class, but also individually, to further our advancement towards enduring success. For these reasons you deservedly merit on the part of everyone of us a lasting and deeply cherished memory of yourself; and we proudly think of you as a real father who has untiringly and eagerly labored in our behalf.

But you have done more than taught us in the classroom. By your personal attitude you have given evidence of your deep concern for the welfare of all under your care. Urged by a devoted zeal, you have generously dedicated the endowments of mind and heart to an exceptionally great cause—the education of candidates for the holy priesthood.

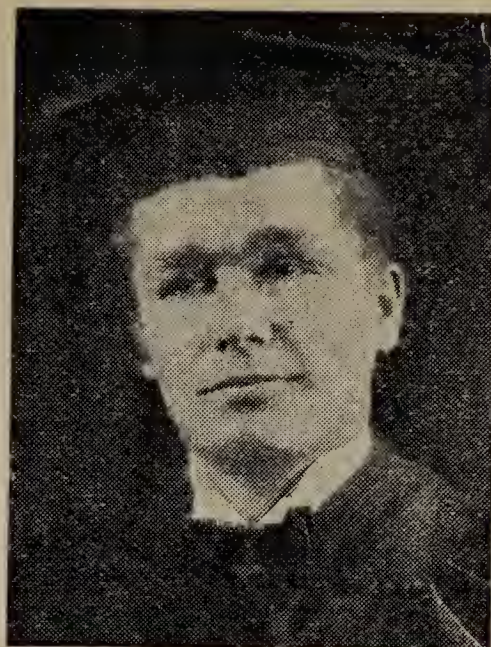
Outside of our remembrance and esteem, may you, dear Rector, have the joy of seeing young men leave your supervision and guidance, fitted out with manliness, armed with steadfast conviction, strengthened in genuine character, and well suited for future work in God's vineyard. Accept then kindly this final issue of the Collegian of the present school year as a memorial of our gratitude and as an inadequate manifestation of our sincere regard and esteem, together with our heartfelt wishes that success and joy may ever attend your labors in future years.



Very Rev. Joseph B. Kenkel, C. PP. S., Ph. D.



John Baechle
Class Secretary



Marcellus Dreiling
Editor of Collegian

Class



Herman Reineck
Class President

1930



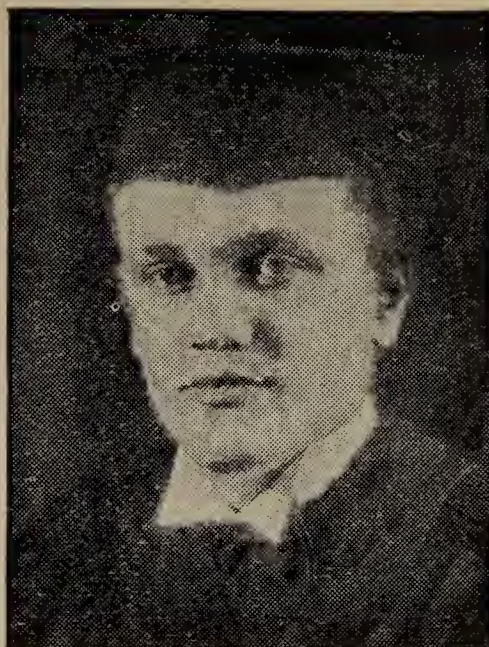
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Thomas Durkin
Valedictorian



Charles Baron



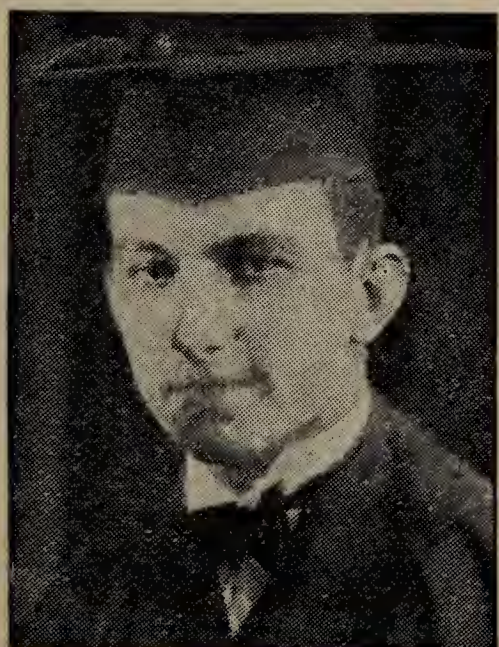
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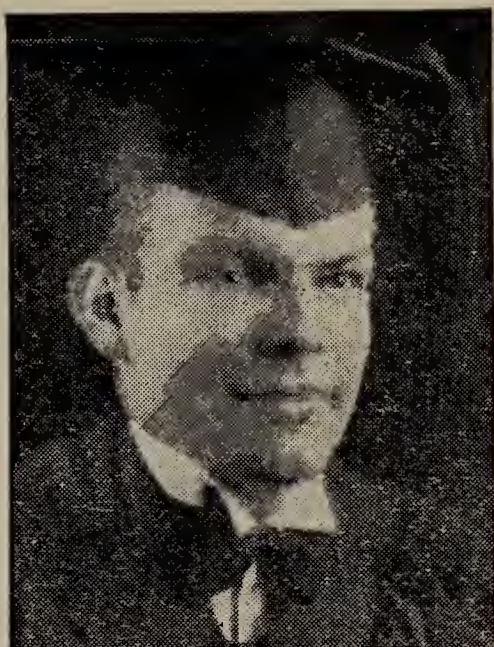
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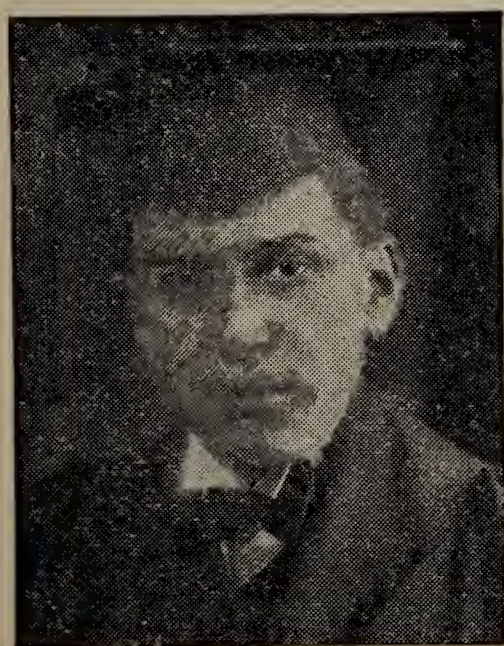
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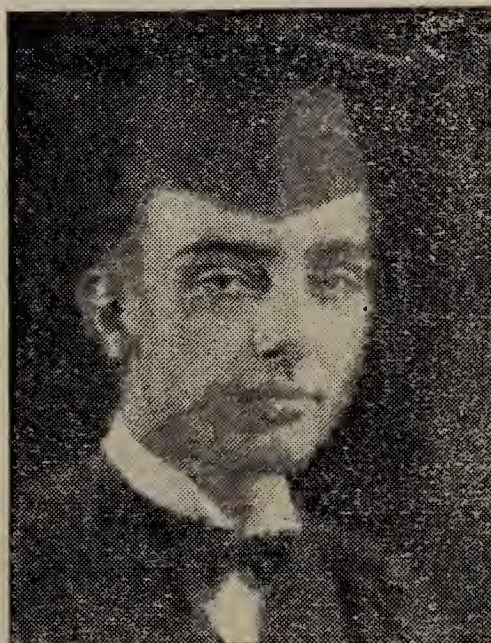
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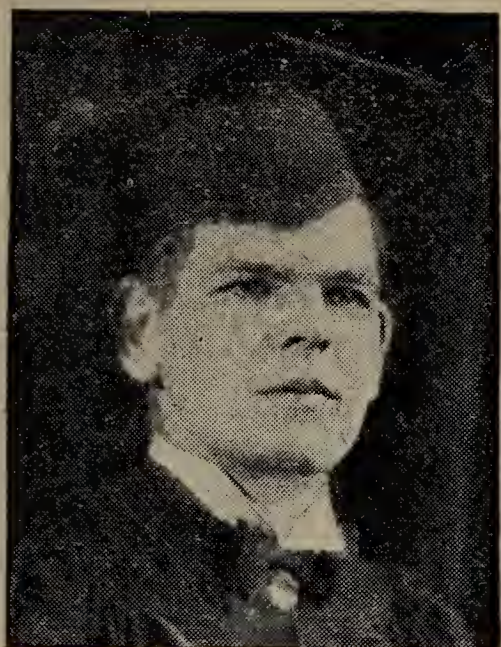
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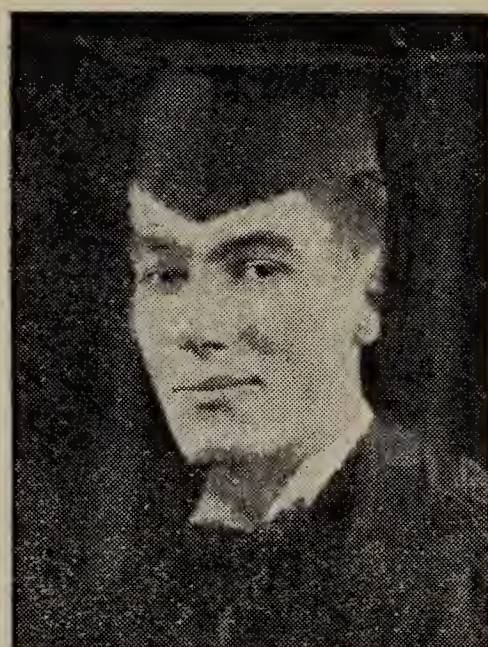
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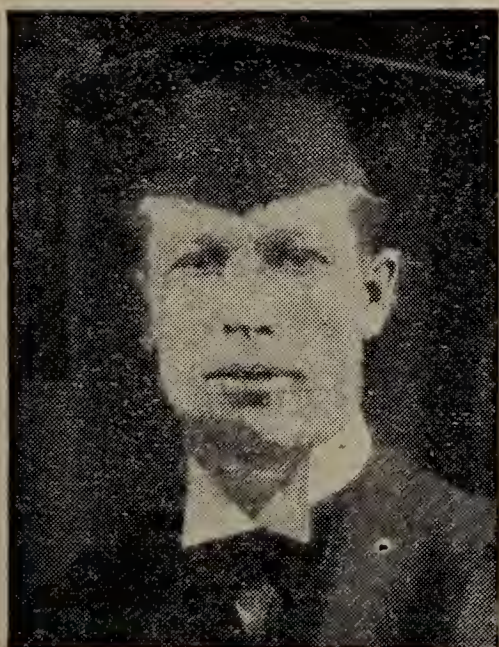
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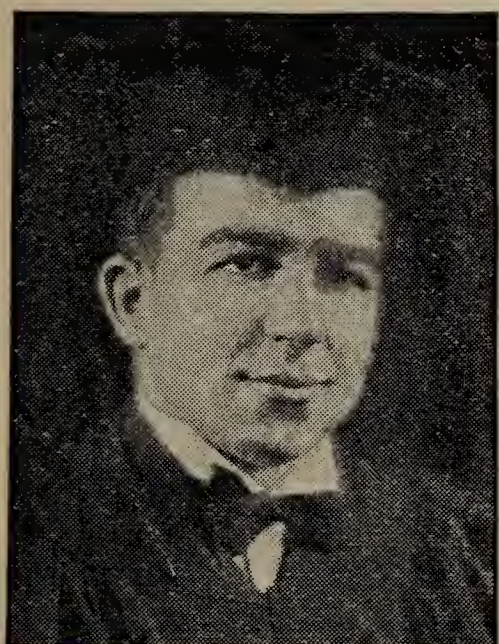
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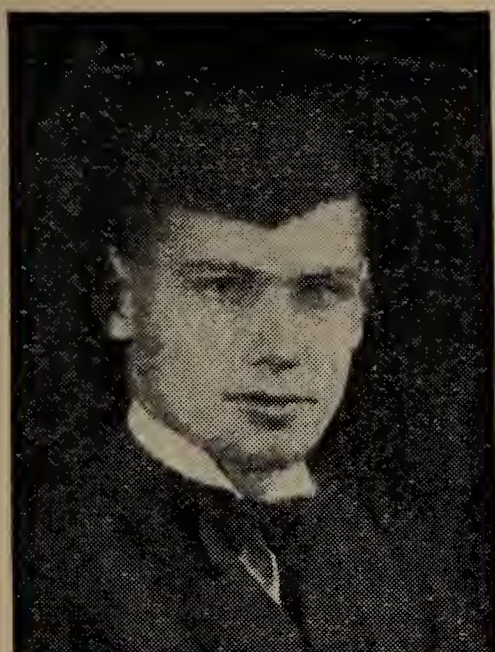
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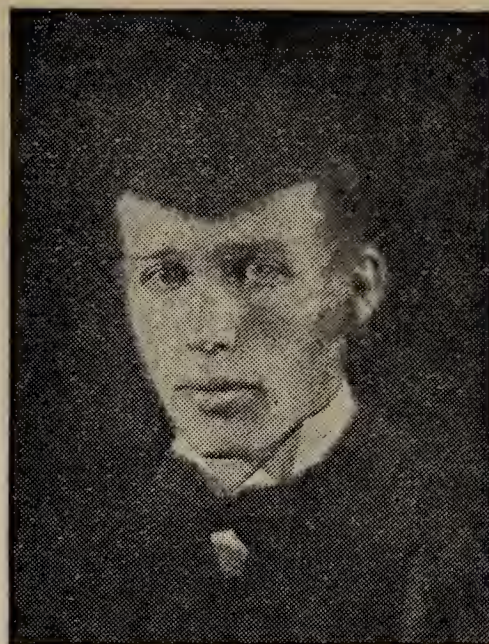
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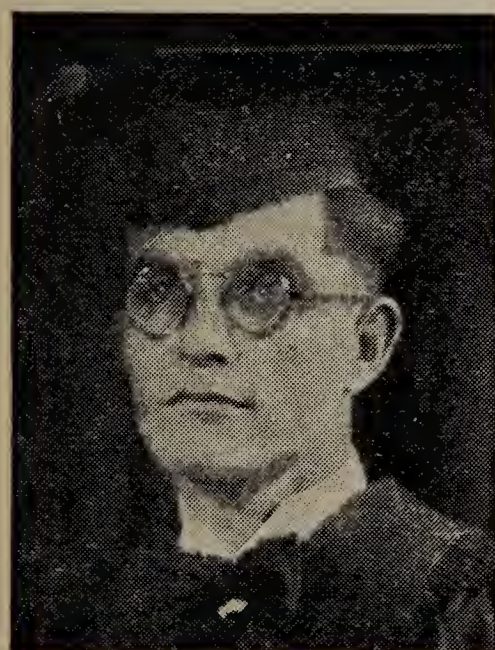
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No. 9

THE GRADUATES' PRIZE

The ship of knowledge we have steered secure
With cargo laden that to all brings wealth,
Though not in specie or in note mature,
Yet for both mind and body meaning health.
To dock this ship was not all pers'nal labor;
As hard-tried minds showed us the way to port,
And by their aid we yawled and tacked with savor
So that all storms and waves to us were sport.

Hence we as sailing mates are fully glad
That this fair landing day of deep desire
Has come as our Commencement with its fad
Of cap and gown and sheepskin for attire.
Such is the prize for us who on this ship were mates
And now stand here as nineteen-thirty Graduates.

R. Guillozet, '30

HONESTY AND THE SCAFFOLD

Alumni Essay Contest

First Prize

John T. Spalding

In these days of discontent, when the world is full of people staggering blindly through life, seeking, craving some safe guide to lead them to spiritual peace and security, we, as servants of God, may seek to let in the light of truth where eyes are blind and souls are groping in darkness.

We, then, should let our life, our conduct, speak the Faith. Of course it is not possible, nor is it desirable, mentally and morally, to equip the ordinary Catholic layman with the power or the will to preach the gospel. Nevertheless in this age of intolerance and strife we see the need for men who have the courage of their convictions, the courage to stand up before the frowns and taunts of the multitude, and hold high above their heads the Banner of Right as did the man who is the subject of this essay—Sir Thomas More. Sir Thomas fought! He suffered! He died! yes, rather than render to Caesar what he owed to God.

This most distinguished man, Sir Thomas More, was born in London, February 7, 1478. He was the sole surviving son of Sir John More, barrister and later judge of the King's bench. While still a child, Thomas was sent to St. Anthony's school in Threadneedle street, and at the close of his thirteenth year was placed in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor, who

sent him to Oxford where he entered at Canterbury Hall about 1492.

After two years' residence at Oxford, More was recalled to London and entered as a law student at New Inn about 1494. Two years later he was admitted to Lincoln's Inn as a student and in due course was called to the bar and was subsequently made a bencher. It is clear, however, that law did not absorb all of More's energies, for much of his time was given to letters. His lectures were given somewhere between 1499 and 1503, a period during which More's mind was occupied almost wholly with religion and the question of his own vocation to the priesthood.

The question of a religious vocation disposed of, More threw himself into the work of the bar and scored an immediate success. In 1504 he was elected a member of parliament. Here he began at once to oppose the large, unjust sums of money which Henry VII at that time was exacting from his subjects.

In 1505, More married Jane Colte. The union proved a supremely happy one; of it were born three daughters and a son. In 1511 More's wife died, leaving four very young children to the care of her bereaved husband. Again he married and that very soon after his first wife's death, his choice being a widow, Alice Middleton.

Of More himself, Erasmus has left us a wonderful portrait in his famous letter to Ulrich von Hutten. "The eyes are greyish blue, with some spots, a kind which betoken talent. It is said that none are so free from vice. His countenance is in harmony with his character, being always expressive of an amiable joyousness, and even an incipient laughter and, to speak

candidly, it is better framed for gladness than for gravity or dignity, though without any approach to folly or bufoonery. He seems born and framed for friendship, and is a faithful and enduring friend."

At this time, More's fame as a lawyer attracted notice. In 1510 he was made undersheriff of London and four years later was chosen by Cardinal Wolsey as a member of an embassy to Flanders. In October, 1529, More succeeded Wolsey as Chancellor of England, a post never before held by a layman. A few months later came the royal proclamation ordering the clergy to acknowledge Henry VIII as "Supreme Head" of the Church "as far as the law of God will permit," and we have Chapuy's testimony that More at once preferred his resignation of the chancellorship which, however, was not accepted.

His firm opposition to Henry VIII's designs in regard to divorce, the papal supremacy, and the laws against heretics, speedily lost him royal favor, and in May, 1532, he resigned his post of Lord Chancellor after holding it less than three years. For the next eighteen months, More lived in seclusion and gave much time to controversial writing. Anxious to avoid a public break with King Henry, he stayed away from Anne Boleyn's coronation.

Finally More was unjustly imprisoned and condemned to death by Henry VIII, for refusing to take an oath by which the king was declared to be the supreme head of the church. In prison, some of his friends endeavored to gain him over to the King's wishes by representing to him that he ought not to entertain any other opinion than that of the Parliament of England. "I should mistrust myself," he said, "to stand alone against the whole Parliament;

but I have on my side the whole Catholic Church, the great Parliament of Christians."

When his wife conjured him to obey the king, and preserve his life for the consolation and support of his children, he asked, "How many years do you think I have still to live?" "More than twenty," she replied. "Ah, my wife," he continued, "do you wish that I should exchange eternity for twenty years?" Indeed a character of greater disinterestedness and integrity cannot be found in ancient or modern history. The poet, Thomson, pays him this beautiful and well-deserved tribute of praise: "Like Cato firm, like Aristides just."

His *Utopia*, written in Latin, and first published in 1518, was translated into English as early as 1551 by Robinson, and later by Bishop Burnet. It is a curious, and philosophical work, full of profound observations, and shrewd insight into human nature, and describes an imaginary model country and people, in imitation of Plato's *Commonwealth*. The purpose of this work has been the subject of much debate. There are those who, having read it hurriedly, claim that More was a political visionary, but, those who read it with care will readily understand that the work was intended as a defense of safe and sane government in spite of manifest imperfections and irritating burdens.

The best literary virtue that More displayed was a sane good humor, which prevented him from putting high-flown rhetoric on paper and from being blind to other people's opinions about the subject matter under discussion. Sometimes he expressed himself with a terse wit which few writers have sur-

passed, but as a general rule his English is moderate, straightforward and unpoetic.

On July 1, 1535, More was indicted for high treason at Westminster Hall before a special commission of twenty; he, however, denied the main charges brought forward in that indictment. The jury found him guilty in spite of evidence to the contrary, and he was sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn, but some days later this was changed to beheading on Tower Hill.

He was accordingly brought "before nine of the clock" on July 6, 1535 by Mr. Lieutenant out of the Tower, his beard being long, which fashion he had never before used, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often upward to heaven. Being now brought to the scaffold, where he was to be beheaded, it seemed to him so weak that it was ready to fall, wherefore he said merrily to Mr. Lieutenant: "I pray you, Sir, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." When the executioner asked forgiveness, Sir Thomas kissed him, saying: "Thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit than ever any mortal man can be able to give me; pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office; my neck is very short, take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry for saving thy honesty." Then laying his head upon the block, he bade the executioner jokingly to stay until he had removed aside his beard, saying that it never had incurred the guilt of treason.

Sir Thomas More's saying that "A man may live for the next world but be merry withal" was the keynote of the life of the scholar, of the statesman and martyr, who kept his child's heart and simplicity of

soul unsullied to the end, unworldly in the midst of honors and courtly pomp and blithe in adversity.

The story of his last days on earth reflects the tenderest beauty; certainly no martyr ever surpassed him in fortitude. His sufferings were of a piece with his life, his death was just another thrilling event for him. Nothing in it new, or affected.

The life story of this noble Englishman and blessed Martyr of our holy faith is an inspiration for us to live as he lived, impervious to the allurements of the world and fearless in allegiance to truth. He is buried in the chancel before the high altar in the royal chapel known by the name, St. Peter in Chains. The place of his burial has been called by Carlyle "the saddest spot in the world", for here in a row lie Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, now blessed, Queen Anne Boleyn, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Northumberland, and Queen Katherine Howard. All these met the same fate, having been beheaded by the order of King Henry VIII. The chapel itself, located in the old Tower prison, belongs to the most famous shrines of England.

THE NEW BIOGRAPHY

Second Prize

Robert Nieset

The winter season has been one of biographies. Whether our civilization is becoming very curious about man, and wants the truth about him, not laudations and dry apologetics; or whether with the advent of a biographical method, a craze for biography has sprung suddenly into being, we are not prepared to decide. Two things are certain. Biography is fast

becoming the most popular form of literature; and secondly, a new biography has come into being.

For contrast let us consider for a moment those weighty tomes two, three, and six-volume-sets of lives and letters that are now styled the old biography—masses of detail, rigorously true, but without either method of selection or design. The characters, one feels them to be men of the past, who are but two dimensional, flat simulacra. Often they lack even a semblance of reality. The events of a life are merely recorded, not woven into a delicate lace where each thread combines with the other to produce a unified, artistic result.

The efforts of the old biographers were spent in collecting material from original sources, and they were interested just in giving the truth about the man, but not in trying to reconstruct him. Their aim was chiefly to promote admiration of the man of whom they wrote, and to inspire their readers with noble ideals.

To present from genuine research, and usually from careful study of an old biography, an interpretation of an historical character in a way at once creative and informal is the aim of the new biographer. As Amy Lowell, in her preface to the life of Keats, says: "To make the reader feel as though he were living with Keats, subject to the same influences that surrounded him, moving in his circle, watching the advent of poem after poem as from day to day they sprang into being." Following this method the new biography expresses itself in the form of a novel, and it is in this resemblance that it discovers its remarkable vividness, interest, and reality. To show this clearly a distinction between fictitious and actual

character may be drawn. A fictitious character is a creation of the imagination and possesses no further reality than fancy can give. The creator knows the innermost thoughts and workings of the creature he has produced, and thus thoroughly understands the creature in every detail of its nature. If God were to write a history of man, it would be a novel. The novelist having an understanding of his creature, can bring us to an understanding of his creation, and in consequence the creature of the novel seems real. But if this degree of understanding is required how many of us can be said to understand actual men as we understand characters of a novel? Even our best friends remain forever mysterious. Our fellow-beings are real only because we can feel them, because we are directly sensible of their actual existence.

But the new biographer must understand his human subject as thoroughly as the novelist understands his characters. Hence he makes a psychological study of the man whose life he is to write; familiarizes himself with every detail of the man's life and concerns himself, not so much with what the man did, but with how and why he did it; searches for motives, reasons for action, and seeks to arrive at a definite and complete understanding of the man, in order to make the portrait in every respect a real one. That he may arrive at a complete knowledge of his subject the new biographer must be pre-eminently a psychologist. Saint-Beuve, though not a contemporary biographer, gives a clear description of this psychological method. He says that he shut himself up for a fortnight with one man's writings, read, and studied them intently. Then having constructed a mental skeleton of the

man thus far revealed, he sought to build upon it, adding trait upon trait as he discovered them in the self-revelations of the writer. He placed the writer before him as a living person, and questioned him at leisure. Gradually from the vague, the abstract, the general, the character began to take shape. The day he found the essential distinguishing characteristic, analysis disappeared in the creation. "The portrait," says Saint-Beuve, "the portrait lives and speaks, I have found the man."

As a consequence, where the old biography might be called a silhouette, the new is a true portrait. Its characters are stereoscopic; they have depth, they are real. They are men, not marionettes, not symptoms of the past, but enduring men possessing a value independent of any temporal processes; they have that which is eternal and must be felt for its own sake. It shows life a procession, not always splendid, but continuous. It presents a series of pictures, like a movie, each picture a progression, definitely intensifying the central impression meant to be conveyed; which is climaxed by an unforgettable picture like the drop scene in a drama. The new biography concentrates on brilliant images, significant episodes, all genuine and carefully co-ordinated to bear out a preordained destiny. Each sentence is a mosaic, beautiful in itself, more beautiful in its perspective. The new biography is always amusing, its story complex and real.

So far the new biography has been very satisfactory, but it will be noted that its producers may well be called special-thesis biographers. They make extensive use of the full length biography without which they would be lost. But having laid down

their thesis, decided on their particular study, they have an inevitable tendency to pick and choose what will best fit in with their pre-conceived ideas, suppressing a little here, heightening a little there—always choosing the telling, the brilliant, the piquant. It is therefore charged that the biographers of the new school are more eager to find formulas than to find facts, but there can be no reasonable objections to their formulas.

The sound biographer must always combine the function of the chronicler and the interpreter, and the chief distinction between the old and the new rests largely in the placing of emphasis on the one or the other of these two functions. The new biographer makes interpretation his chief concern, offering a minimum of chronicle, and setting forth his subject in the colors that his own special scrutiny of the facts justifies. Consequently, the new biography is very subjective, appealing for its worth to the insight, the keenness of perception, and the general character of its author. If he is kind and genial, one type of biography results; if cynical or malicious, another emerges.

The danger therefore is that less capable and less conscientious men, who observe the color, popularity, and readableness of this style of biography will employ it for cheap rewriting, popularization, and jazzing-up of biography. Some members of this school will specialize in pulling down and shattering idols. Others in search of picturesque detail will stoop to the shocking, ugly, scandalous, and unsavory. But one must remember that the new order of biography is reactionary, and reactions tend to go to extremes. At least these new, brief, vivid, readable biographies secure readers in greater numbers than

do the old full length ones, and that, too, readers who would be repelled at the inordinate length of the two, three and six volume sets. Not seldom will these same readers end by turning to the full length, indispensable biographies which set forth not simply external facts but moods, impulses, motives, and spiritual struggles; but it will be perfectly in place to leave them to co-operate by the exercise of their own minds in arriving at the conclusions that should be obtained if the reading of biography is to give them the knowledge for which they seek.

COMMENCEMENT BELLS

With joy we hearken to those bells
Whose tone in mellow music tells
That all this year has gone its way
To end in our Commencement Day.

For us these bells a matin sing
Whose rhymes sad notes of parting bring;
Yet while their echoes soon must die
They shall not want a lingering sigh;

For out of time's broad ocean vast
Shall dreams arise of days now past
To speak of trials that nimbly fled
And show what happy lives we've led.

In dreamland then, we'll pause a while;
Bid mem'ries dear our hearts beguile;
What if these bells say, "You must part,"
Our names shall bide within the heart.

Earl Schmit, '30

THE MOST HELPFUL OF MOTHERS

(D. M. U. Prize Story.)

The early spring sun was fast dropping behind the distant mesas, leaving Tanoa in ever lengthening shadows. This quiet, unassuming, pueblo village, full of its queer adobe huts, was peacefully accepting the steady approach of cool night and calm repose. Here and there a few girls and women were toting earthen water jars while the children were slowly breaking up their games. Indeed, a quaint old village was Tanoa. Essentially the town was the same now as it was when the Spanish conquistadors at first discovered it.

Still, there was a change. Five centuries ago these people were steeped in idolatrous sun and fire worship. Their pyreums could be seen scattered over the town. Now most of the inhabitants were members of the mission flock. The steady influence of the Spanish padres had brought about this change. Naturally, now and then a few of the more uncivilized returned to their savage customs, but faith in Christ after hundreds of years of ceaseless labors on the part of untiring missionaries, had obtained a grip on the hearts and minds of these primitive inhabitants of the Southwest and had claimed among them an ever increasing number of adherants.

The black-robed padres, who had sown the seeds of Christ's religion years and years ago, might now see a native priest caring for the souls of the good Shepherd's flock. Father Bernardo, one of the few native priests, at present holds sway over a large territory and his teachings bring many a curious Indian into the faith and make of him a firm believer.

His church dedicated to Santa Maria dates back to the early Spanish colonization period, but in spite of its age, it has served the faithful for centuries and is even now sharing in the honors that result from conversion to Christ.

On this particular night, Father Bernardo sat in his adobe rectory reading his breviary by the fast failing light. A pious priest is Father Bernardo, still young, but recognized, nevertheless, as a man of great honor and sterling virtue.

Suddenly, in the midst of a beautiful psalm, which raised his soul to the very heights of ecstasy, he was aroused by the excited voice of a small girl who ran into the rectory, "Father," she exclaimed hysterically, "come quick, for there is an old lady, living on the other side of the town, who is dying. Oh, do hurry, for she desires to be baptized."

"Now don't get excited," the priest calmly advised the flustered and panting girl, "we'll go just as soon as I can get a few things together, and you can again get your breath."

Having prepared himself very quickly, he left with her, and going through the churchyard, they made their way through the hushed village. Neither spoke as they traversed swiftly the crooked and narrow streets of the village until the priest questioned the girl as to the preparedness of the woman.

"Father," she exclaimed pantingly, "Grandma is well prepared for baptism. When she was in good health she often asked me questions about catechism when I came home from school. I told her everything that the good Sisters told me in school. She knows all about God and how one should love Him, but she never desired to be baptized before. She has been sick for several days now, and tonight she became

worse and told me to get the priest because she felt that she was going to die and that she wanted to go to heaven."

"Thank God," murmured the priest," and then he said audibly, "I'm glad to hear that you have helped God in teaching another poor soul the way to heaven."

Then both continued in silence till the adobe hut of the dying woman was reached. It was a poor dwelling, hidden among the larger pueblos and unknown to many. Inside, on a mat, the figure of an old woman was reclining, and as the priest and girl entered a querulous and feverish voice asked, "Is the Padre come? Tell him to hurry."

There was no need of admonishing Father Bernardo to hurry; he knew that a few wasted minutes might mean the loss of this poor soul for all eternity. Quickly he questioned the woman and found to his amazement that the girl had spoken the truth, and that the old woman was indeed well instructed. He, therefore, poured the life-saving waters upon her forehead, and in a clear voice slowly pronounced the words of salvation: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The features of the old woman were transfigured with joy, and tears of pure happiness rolled down her aged and furrowed cheeks. She remained quiet for so long a time that the priest thought that her soul had fled, but slowly a smile spread over her features and in a low whisper she said, "Father, I have something to tell you, but you must first dismiss the girl from my room." When the girl had left, the sick woman continued, "Father, what I have to say means so much to me, no matter how foolish it may seem to you."

"Oh, I am sure that it will not seem foolish to me," replied Father Bernardo.

"Well," the woman continued, "long ago when I was first married, the pale-face Padre preached in the villages. Out of curiosity I listened to some of his teaching. One day he gave me a scapular, for I had inquired about his religion, and it seemed good to me. I was to be taken into the faith with my son, then an infant of six months. All of this was a secret to my husband. When he heard of it, he was enraged. He threatened to kill the child if I dared to accept the religion of the white man. He cursed the priest and his teachings, and I was sorely frightened.

"In his speeches the priest had told me that the Blessed Virgin was the Mother of God and the mother and protector of us all. Though I was not as yet a convert, I wore the scapular out of love and respect for her. According to ancient Indian custom, two people often wore an amulet in token of esteem for each other, and as I feared for the life of my son and even of my own, I wore a part of that scapular as a sort of charm against evil spirits. Of course, I had divided it in two parts, wearing one part myself and suspending from my son's neck the other part thinking to keep both of us under the protection of her who was the Mother of God and of man. During the night, my son and my husband disappeared. I feared that the worst had happened, and indeed it did. My husband was found drowned in the river near the town of Cinca, but to this very day I have never heard from my son. Oh, please, God, that my son is still alive and that I may once more see him before I die. I have prayed unceasingly to the Blessed Mother, who suffered such anguish when her

own Son was taken from her that she might intercede in my behalf and let me see my son before I must leave this life."

With a choking sob which caught in her throat, the woman ended her story, and the priest in a wondering and doubtful voice whispered, "Is it possible that my search is at last over?"

"What do you mean Father?" questioned the woman in a low voice, "I just wanted to know if God would ever forgive me for not becoming one of His children like the Sisters teach in their schools by being baptized before now. When I found that all was gone that I had known and loved, I swore never to enter the faith of a God who permitted such evil to befall anyone. During past years I have slowly repented and have sought to know more about that God, but I was afraid to be baptized till tonight when I realized that at last everything would soon be over. Please, oh please, Padre Bernardo, tell me that the good God forgives me for not accepting His faith sooner and for not placing trust and confidence in Him."

"There is nothing to fear now," the priest readily answered, "God sends us trials and misfortunes to help us merit greater rewards in heaven. He is good to all who are sorry for their sins and short-comings and I am sure that He has forgiven you entirely. Now listen to my story—it will prove of the highest interest to you, I am sure."

"Years ago in the village of Cinca, a child was found on the steps of the mission church. The child was very sick when one of the Sisters discovered it, and it was immediately baptized. It soon recovered, however, and the Sister in charge attributed the recovery to the half portion of a scapular which it

wore. The years passed, and the child slowly grew to manhood. It was sent to the pale-face schools in Washington and went to the seminary. Today that child is a priest. As such he has searched for his mother always, for the Sister told him long ago that his mother had not parted willingly from him and that she was looking for him. His search has ended; the priest who wears the half portion of the scapular is your son—here before you, his dearest mother. Believe me, mother dear, I am indeed that child. I too have prayed and searched for years. Always have I implored the Blessed Virgin to be a special guardian over me and to bring me some day to you.”

“My son!” was all the dying woman uttered. Her long narrative, and the shock of her present discovery had sapped her strength utterly.

Father Bernardo took his mother into his arms, and there she died praising and thanking Jesus and the Blessed Virgin for having restored her son to her, and for allowing her the grace of conversion before death. The end was easy. She passed into the hands of her creator while her priest-son, his face streaming with tears, thanked God Who had granted him this great favor of finding his mother after these many years and of finding his most cherished hopes realized, namely, that she had not willingly cast him off.

The funeral was held from the ancient mission church where a small cross in the corner of the church yard bears testimony of the Padre's loss, but often he sits by the side of the grave during the daytime to say his office. Once more all is quiet in Tanoa, but somewhere from heaven the eyes of a happy mother

shine upon this peaceful village in solicitous benediction for those who seek to be saved.

A soft warm breeze gently rustles a thankful "Memorare" to that dear Virgin, whose maternal care embraces both the pale-face and his red brother. In heaven all men are the same, and on earth the Blessed Mother distributes her gracious favors and help impartially, regardless of race or color.

C. B. Kruczek, '31

MEMORIES OF GRADUATION

When we come to the end of our college days,
And then leave Alma Mater and friends;
There the road points us to the parting of ways
Where our joy eke with grief sternly blends.

Though alone we must travel o'er life's rough way,
Having bidden our friends sad adieu;
Yet we feel that on no Graduation Day
Are concluded those friendships most true.

O the pals of our youth should ne'er be forgot,
Even if they may seem far away,
Since for each in our hearts is a sacred spot
Which in words we can never portray!

For it is in the heart that "Acquaintanceship"
Forms gules by the light of our souls,
'Mong which mem'ry has etched the lay of friendship
Which must reach beyond aims and goals.

John W. Baechle, '30

THE POET WHO CROWNED HIS AGE

It is generally conceded, and correctly so, that the thirteenth century is the greatest of centuries. To attempt to analyze its greatness would be an enormous task, and to pass in review even synoptically the intrinsic elements of superiority contained in that century would terminate merely in a futile discussion. Hence, in order to converge the currents of mediaeval life into one synthetic whole, it may well be maintained that an insight into the happenings of its final years will bring the best results.

It can only seem paradoxical to say that the thirteenth century owes its singular prominence to the fame of one distinguished man. Some people who do not think that such an idea is too preposterous, yet, who are sufficiently piqued by the thought that the evolution of such a notion lacks propriety, will entertain justifiable curiosity to urge them to further careful investigation and wary research. While there was more than one outstanding personage in that intellectual century—persons who worked effectively for themselves and others—yet, there was one individual who evidently concentrated in himself the glories of that age and preserved its thoughts in a sacred shrine of imperishable and undying verse—a fitting culmination of a reputable era. Dante, the universal poet and genius, attained to this enviable distinction.

Odd as it may seem, Dante placed his own name among those whom he himself considered as the greatest poets of past ages. Unpremeditated thought would immediately stamp this act as egotistical and as due to a lack of propriety in judgment. On the contrary, a perusal of his life and an authoritative

consensus of opinion point out the fact that Dante possessed such unusual mental capabilities that he could well afford to exult in his superior endowments. To refer to a fault of this nature in Dante, then, would indicate a lack of knowledge of the life and education of the poet. From what I have learned by the help of critics, and from what I have discovered in him, I feel secure in affirming that Dante is in himself a fitting close to mediaeval development and an astonishing mental prodigy of mediaeval genius in which all the glory of that age culminates.

Mediaeval life, multiform and variegated as it was, nevertheless, acquired a certain unity. In spite of the convulsions and secret perfidy within the minds of those who had sworn allegiance to the Christian banner, and in spite of the rebellious disposition that found its way into many hearts, salvation—a fruit of patristic Christianity—remained the predominant criterion by which the essential elements of mediaeval life are to be judged. If then, one were to make a complete survey of the currents of mediaeval life, note the greatness of the difference of these currents, and observe the disparity of taste that made mediaeval life so motley, he would see the application of standards that necessitated a peculiar variety of conduct. An effort of this kind, however, will be useless for Dante already has succeeded well in depicting these conflicts and in reconciling all the quarrelsome elements which deflected from the accepted norms of life in that century. The manner in which Dante achieved this reconciliation, by reason of which he has been universally termed a fitting termination of mediaeval genius, is a subject matter that bears weight and claims earnest scrutiny.

Very few fully realize how great a poet Dante

really was. If one were to take only his juvenal outpourings, consisting mostly of sonnets, as the test of his poetic ability, he would even then be obliged to rate Dante rather high, for these sonnets give evidence of a masterhand. Hence, a brief review of Dante's sonnets will clarify the doubt or the enigma as to how Petrarch—a poet and successor who suffers greatly in comparison with Dante—a half century later, should elevate the sonnet to an excellency hardly to be excelled. It is no wonder then that every young poet up till the time of Shakespeare was obsessed with a veritable mania to test his skill at sonnets. Now, one may logically ask the question: What is the result of Dante's youthful effusions? Merely this, that the sonnet—in perfected form—owes its origin to Dante, and that Dante has truly made the mediaeval period most conspicuous—one more addition to its splendid array of laudable distinctions.

Eminent as the earlier works of Dante may have been, one must, nevertheless, conform with conventional requirements in criticizing, or appreciating his works as an author, and render judgment on him only after a survey of his best productions. Disregarding Dante's "Il Convito" and "Vita Nuova", one may say that by the completion of the masterpiece "Divina Commedia" alone Dante would have acceded to the same superiority among his precursors and successors that he has held from his day forward.

Since the middle ages stand revealed in this work of unsurpassing magnificence, and since Dante evidently had the spirit of the times at heart, one may logically conclude that the "Divina Commedia" was the supreme effort of his life. Anxious as he was to reveal the virtues and vices of his times, Dante,

with a wholehearted devotion to study and practice and with unremitting effort, succeeded in moulding the currents of life in his time into complete unity. That he called the fruit of his labors comedy may be attributed to the favorable peroration of the poem; the fact that the people of his time should term it divine evolves from their regard of it as a spiritual theme—a profound contemplation of the life beyond the grave.

How did Dante accomplish this formation of diversified life into a unit? How, after the elements of patristic Christianity and ancient refinement and culture had been newly idealized, was Dante able to visualize and bring together the boisterous and conflicting elements into a unified poem? According to Henry Osborn Taylor, Dante reached this success “in a personal yet full mediaeval manner by transmitting the material to the spiritual, the moral to the eternal, through the instrumentality of allegory and symbolism.”

Being a son of the middle ages, Dante had overt recourse to allegory and symbolism. With him an allegory was not merely another way of expressing something other than the direct truth; with him the allegory embodied a principle of truth. In order to justify his view that allegorical significance incorporated more truth than literal meaning did, one need but refer to the language of the Scriptures. One will note there that the allegorical interpretation is universally accepted. For the fact that the allegory moulds and premeates the structure of the “*Divina Commedia*” Dante himself vouches in his dedicatory letter to Can Grande: “Litterally the subject is the state of souls after death taken simply. If, however, the work be accepted allegorically, the subject

is man, according as by merit or demerit through freedom of choice he is subject to Justice, rewarding or punitive."

To judge in how far this statement, emanating from the poet himself, has received due application in the "Divina Commedia" was and still is a hazardous undertaking, on account of the greatness of the poet, the reality of his mental images, and the adroit mastery that enshrines the manifold phases of his thoughts in concrete representations. In other words, his manifestation, his representation, his immortal drama of life is clothed with truth and reality in such a manner that one can hardly call it allegory.

Of course such incidents as the Mystic Procession and its apocalyptic additions, in the Purgatorio, are sheerly allegorical, and are analogous to the hieratic allegorical mosaics of the early centuries in so far as these mosaics represent Christian art without Christian feeling. Disregarding these minor incidents, though, and viewing the general trend of the poem, the singular occurrences, along with the chief characters and the scenes in which they are exhibited, one would invariably deduce that Dante maintained an almost complete equilibrium in regard to literal and allegorical meaning. There is enough evidence that the "Divina Commedia" received some beauty, elegance, and reality through delicate touches and particular incidents which did not have allegory as their motive. Just as in a cathedral the works of sculpture and painting have doctrinal significance and allegorical implications, excluding, of course, their literal truth; but there are usually innumerable inferior carvings and ornaments in evidence which greatly enhance the beauty of the edifice.

Perhaps it is best neither to adhere too obstinate-

ly to allegory nor cling too rigorously to sense-actuality, for Dante's mind, strong and firm as it was in its clear and vivid setting, proceeded in a manner to mingle fact and symbolism in such verity that "is both art and life". In the *Paradiso* it is especially obvious that the symbolism employed is part of that self-impelling and unavoidable imagery to which man is practically driven when he endeavors to delineate and depict spiritual facts. When such symbolism, however, is formulated with the plastic and formative mind and power of a Dante it may become so real and elegant that the spiritual significance will vanish and be supplanted by concrete representation; the intended spiritual truths may become involved in a mere crystalline translucency.

To expose the verity and reality of Dante's symbolic creations it becomes necessary to illustrate with a suitable example. Probably Dante's best and most symbolic creation and, at the same time, his most cherished reality was Beatrice. That Dante should choose a woman to symbolize theology, that God-given science, is indeed in harmony with the custom of the age, for, even long before Beatrice was ever used as a symbol, many of the qualities of human life and its circumstances had been personified in the form of gracious and queenly women. Being the symbol of Dante's thoughts of life, Beatrice, in the "*Divina Commedia*", leads a life different from her actual presence on earth. She becomes the sole consolation in his bereavement; the inspiration in his ideal of love that first transforms the heart of youth, arouses it from its lethargy and morbid stupor, and awakens it to a new understanding. This creation, Beatrice, evolved as it is from the chivalric love of the mediaeval past, enhanced by Dante's personal sentiment, and

constructed by his genius, contributed immensely to immortalize his fame.

Though one may regard Dante's scheme of symbolism as bizarre and extremely fanciful, nevertheless, to the people of his age it was the record of a personal, living experience. No doubt the "*Divina Commedia*" brought fear to its readers and inculcated in them a true contrition. This fact is beyond surprise for Dante, by means of his dramatic power depicted the lurid and dismal torments of hell with such realistic ghastliness as to leave no doubt concerning their actual horror. As history records the fact, it is believable that the women of Ravenna stopped in consternation as they beheld Dante, the man who had seen hell. Despite the fact that the punishments inflicted for slight faults seem monstrous and glaringly exaggerated, nevertheless, they show the imaginative and creative powers of the poet; they give an absorbing interest to his narrative, and add an alluring and magnetic force to his descriptions.

In conclusion the question may be asked: Was Dante really that solitary phenomenon which the critical minds of six centuries have claimed him to be? As far as I am concerned I find it necessary to answer in the affirmative, and in order to corroborate my opinion I shall refer to James J. Walsh who states that "Dante of himself would be quite sufficient to lift any period out of obscurity and place it among the favorite epochs, in which the human mind found one of those opportune moments for the expression of what is sublimest in human thought." If the words of this quotation may be applied to others in the history of literature, it may well be taken for granted that their number will be small.

Marcellus M. Dreiling, '30

THE CLASS OF 1930

Class Motto ----- Ad Astra Per Aspera
 Class Flower ----- Red Rose
 Class Colors ----- Peacock Blue and Red

John Baechle Splaersh Cincinnati, Ohio

Ambition: To find the way of least resistance.

Newman Club; C. L. S; Dwenger Mission
 Unit: peptomist committee chairman; Raleigh Club; Tennis; Choir; Class Committees;
 Class of '30: secretary; Alumni Essay Contest: second honors '29; Collegian: Society editor.

Charles Baron Chucky Toledo, Ohio

Office: Official Wise-cracker

C. L. S.: executive committee; Raleigh Club;
 Dwenger Mission Unit; Choir; Oratory Contest: second prize '29.

Richard Bauman Kelley Kelly's Island, Ohio

Hobby: Recalling achievements of Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey.

Newman Club; C. L. S. marshal; Raleigh Club; Baseball.

Henry Busemeyer Buzzie Covington, Kentucky

Aim in life: To civilize Kentucky.

C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Dwenger Mission Unit: peptomist committee; Tennis.

James Connor Jim Parsons, Kansas

The silent man who does things.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football: captain; Basketball; Baseball.

Robert Curtis Bob Sandusky, Ohio

Hobby: The Cleveland Indians.

C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Dwenger Mission Unit; Football; Tennis; Class Committee; Collegian: associate editor.

Killian Dreiling Kat Victoria, Kansas

Paws in the wrong dish.

Newman Club; C. L. S.: executive committee chairman; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Tennis; Choir; Band; Class Committees; Collegian: associate editor.

Marcellus Dreiling Sal Victoria, Kansas

Hobby: Working on the Collegian and being busy in general.

Newman Club: vice-president; C. L. S.: auditing committee, secretary, critic, historian; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball: manager, captain, "Varsity" '30; Baseball: manager, captain, "Varsity" '27, '28, '29, '30, "Varsity" captain '30; Tennis: class doubles championship '28, college doubles championship '28; Band; Choir; Class Committee; Collegian: editor.

Wendelin Dreiling Red Victoria, Kansas

Pet Phrase: "Yeh? Wah, wah, ha, ha, ha!"

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Raleigh Club: marshal, president; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Tennis; Class Committee.

Thomas Durkin Tom Decatur, Indiana

Ambition: To appear innocent.

Newman Club: vice-president, president; C. L. S.: vice-president, critic; Dwenger Mission Unit: secretary, president; Raleigh Club; Tennis; Class Committee; Collegian: assistant exchange editor; Class of '30: valedictorian.

William Faber Peck Evanston, Illinois

Hobby: Handing Chicago and Kentucky the "razzberries".

C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Dwenger Mission Unit: peptomist Committee; Class committee; Football; Basketball: captain; Baseball; Tennis; Turner Hall.

Leon Frechette Frenchy Kankakee, Illinois

Hobby: Curling his hair.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball; Baseball: captain; Tennis; Collegian: alumni editor.

Alois Friedrich Colonel Parkston, South Dakota

Hobby: Divulging his railroad experiences.

C. L. S.: treasurer; Raleigh Club; Dwenger Mission Unit; marshal; Football; Basketball: manager; Baseball: manager; Class Committee.

Michael Fromes Mike Chicago, Illinois

Pet Phrase: "The Cubs would have won if——."

Hobby: Imitating Al Capone.

C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Dwenger Mission Unit; Football; Tennis.

Russel Gillig Russ Tiffin, Ohio

Ambition: To grow up.

C. L. S.; Raleigh Club: marshal; Dwenger Mission Unit: peptomist committee; Football; Basketball; Baseball: manager; Tennis.

Clement Goubeaux Clem Russia, Ohio

Hobby: Tweaking other people's noses.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Tennis; Class Committee.

Arnold Grot Heinie Crawfordsville, Indiana

Hobby: Chemistry in all its phases.

Newman Club: treasurer, executive committee; C. L. S.; Football; Basketball: manager; Baseball; Tennis; Turner Hall.

Raymond Guillozet Guzzu Piqua, Ohio

Ambition: Trying to overtake his twin brother.

Newman Club: executive committee; C. L. S.: stage manager; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club: marshal; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Choir; Class Committee.

Raymond Halker Shrimp Columbus Grove, Ohio

Pet Phrase: "Pass the beans."

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Choir.

Joseph Herod Joe East Chicago, Indiana

Hobby: Quoting poets.

Newman Club: treasurer; C. L. S.: treasurer, marshal; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club: marshal; Football: manager, captain; Basketball: manager, captain; Baseball: captain, "Varsity" '27, '28, '29, '30; Class Committee; Class president '29.

Samuel Homsey Sam St. Joseph, Missouri

Pet Phrase: "A superfluous remark."

Newman Club: auditing committee; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Tennis.

Walter Junk Waha Fort Wayne, Indiana

Hobby: Helping out others.

Newman Club; C. L. S.: auditing committee chairman; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Tennis; Class Committee.

John Kraus Tubby Detroit, Michigan

Hobby: Keeping audiences awake by his laughter.

Newman Club: secretary; C. L. S.. president; Dwenger Mission Unit: publicity committee; Raleigh Club: chairman; Football; Basketball: manager; Baseball: captain; Tennis; Choir; Orchestra; Class Committee.

Andrew Mathieu Zukie Fort Wayne, Indiana

Hobby: Having fun and cultivating jerks.

C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball; Tennis: class doubles championship '29; Baseball: manager.

Edward Miller Elmer Tiffin, Ohio

Hobby: Perfecting the farmer dialect.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Football; Baseball; Class Committee; Collegian: Humor editor.

Daniel Nolan Dan Aurora, Indiana

Hobby: Greek and etymology.

C. L. S.: president, vice-president; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Tennis; Class Committee; Turner Hall; Collegian: associate editor '29.

Evaristus Olberding Buttercup Minster, Ohio

Ambition: To determine the cause for frequent poor apple crops.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Tennis.

Victor Pax Vic Celina, Ohio

Ambition: To be one of Uncle Sam's leading postmasters.

Newman Club: president, executive committee; C. L. S.: secretary; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball: manager, captain; Baseball; Tennis; Band; Collegian: editor of Locals.

William Pfeifer Nick Mansfield, Ohio

Ambition: To be like Nicholas Tacchinardi.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Class Committee; Dwenger Mission Unit; Collegian: associate editor.

Richard Rauth Dick Defiance, Ohio

Custodian of the baths.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit: assistant librarian; Raleigh Club; Basketball; Tennis; Choir; Class Committee.

Herman Reineck Bus Gibsonburg, Ohio

The man who does things in a big way.
Newman Club: marshal; C. L. S.; Raleigh
Club: entertainment committtee; Dwenger
Mission Unit; Basketball; Baseball; Class
of '30: president; Collegian: business man-
ager.

Robert Roster Bob St. Joseph, Missouri

Ambition: To grow hair on his bald head.
Newman Club; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission
Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball;
Baseball; Tennis; Choir.

Earl Schmit Scotchy Delphos, Ohio

Hobby: Hunting bargains.
C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Dwenger Mission
Unit; Basketball; Baseball; Tennis: class
manager; Choir; Class Committee; Collegian:
Exchange editor.

Hugo Uhrich Slicker Ottoville, Ohio

Pet Phrase: "Huh? You fellows don't
appreciate me."

Newman Club; C. L. S.: executive commit-
tee; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club;
Football; Basketball: manager; Baseball:
manager, "Varsity" '29, '30, manager '30;
Tennis; Band; Choir: assistant director;
Orchestra; Class Committee.

Michael Vanecko Mike Cleveland, Ohio

Pet Phrase: "Where are my dogs?"

Newman Club: marshal; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball; Tennis.

Virgil Van Oss Virge Ottoville, Ohio

A good friend to everybody. A successful performer on the stage.

Newman Club; C. L. S.: executive committee; Dwenger Mission Unit; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball: manager; Baseball: "Varsity" '30; Tennis; Band; Choir; Orchestra; Class Committee; Collegian: associate editor.

Francis Weiner Fanny Cincinnati, Ohio

Ambition: To be on time.

Newman Club: assistant editor of Newman-ear; C. L. S.; Dwenger Mission Unit: publicity committee; Raleigh Club; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Tennis; Orchestra: concert master; Collegian: assistant editor; Class of '30: salutatorian.

Robert Weis Bob Hammond, Indiana

Office: Promoter and recorder of athletic activities.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; Raleigh Club; Dwenger Mission Unit; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Athletic Manager; Class Committee; Collegian: Sports editor.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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Collegeville, Indiana.

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EDITORIAL

All conscious efforts expended by a person are naturally directed to some end. There is some goal at which a person expects to realize the success he has attained; the fruit that he has reaped by means of his labors. The laborer awaits his salary at the completion of a definite period of work; the winner of a contest eagerly expects the prize that he has earned; and the college student anticipates graduation



COLLEGIAN STAFF—1930

with evident interest because that day will stamp his work with the seal of approval.

Although some persons might consider graduation the culmination of a student's career, yet, it seems proper to believe that graduation is only the commencement of a student's work in life—an incentive to practical deeds and accomplishments. There is no doubt that the ambition of the student is to attain to graduation, but it is more to the point that the graduate, after entering upon practical life, will discover aims that excel graduation by as much as they are of greater importance; aims that will involve his success or failure as a member of society.

For the local Seniors it is ardently hoped that graduation will signify but a stepping stone over which they must pass in order to warrant for them admission to a higher class—a class that materializes its ambitions with the crown of the holy priesthood. Certainly in their case then, graduation is a matter of mere preliminaries which must serve as the starting point to the pursuit of a lofty vocation.

Side by side with this agreeable experience of graduating from St. Joseph's College, we, the members of the Collegian staff, feel with deep regret that we must surrender a precious and very interesting diversion; that we have to forsake an arduous though pleasing task—the publication, namely, of our local journal. In reviewing the past year, we may truly say that one of the most absorbing employments for us was the editing of the Collegian. But was the Collegian as good as it should have been? Did it uphold its chosen standard? Could we not have

improved it in some respects? For these doubts which arise so often at this, the completion of our work, let future years and comparison with past years give the decision.

Truthfully we may allow that our ambition was augmented as the year went by; that our intent to perfect the Collegian was enhanced; that our hope to edit it as a bigger and better magazine waxed strong. In what measure this expectation was fulfilled, time and comparison must again be the judges.

Though we may hate the very idea of departing from the pleasantries connected with work on the Collegian, yet, we are glad that we can cheerfully entrust its publication to the eager and able hands of our enthusiastic successors. May you, who follow us in this employment, gather from the Collegian of this year whatever has worth; pass over or reap profit from our shortcomings, of which there are not a few. The staff of '30 extends to you its best wishes for success; a success to be reached by arduous work and consistent endeavor. Farewell!

EXCHANGES

In attempting to make a complete review of all the various journals and campus sheets received in the course of the present school year the Exchange Editor finds himself bothered with a hazy and vague conception of what he really should do, and has in consequence decided to drop the whole affair. Pouring right on his desk during the past several weeks like a continuous stream, literary works of an amaz-

ing variety and with a high degree of perfection have persisted in making themselves noticeable. Some of these quarterly, monthly, and weekly visitors show all the ear-marks that suggest the capable direction of able staffs, together with the influence of able directors. Some again handle with ease and interest such topics as have been rendered thread-bare by the voices of the people; while other some give evidences of those blemishes that make them appear a trifle amateurish.

It has not been the intention of the Exchange Editor during the current year to criticise any one publication in its entirety, but it has been his purpose, as a rule, to point out merely virtues and defects that show themselves in the usual departments of school publications. In this work he has found that the one source of boredom, namely, monotony has very regularly been absent. Probably this fact is due to the annual changes that the staffs of school papers undergo, for the new staffs into whose hands these papers come will naturally set to work with energy, pep, and enthusiasm in order to maintain or even improve standards. Besides there is the matter of responsibility which urges new staff members to unceasing perseverance in their efforts to bring out readable editions.

Of course it will be thoroughly safe to say that none of the literary works published in this class of journals will become immortal. This fact is mainly due to the immaturity of the writers, but it should be in no way a discouraging fact. All great things make small beginnings, and that many of these small beginnings should fall by the way is very naturally

to be expected. Even great things perish and that particularly in the field of letters for as De Quincy says, "Every year buries its literature,"—a saying that contains more truth than fiction.

Writers in school journals can rest assured that only people who are striving to become learned are reading the productions offered. There is no reason for these writers to fret because their contributions to school journals are not placed in the hands of the general public. What after all is popularity? In all the world there is really nothing so transitory as is popularity. Today something startling and novel comes from some writer's pen and sets the world ablaze; tomorrow it is consigned to oblivion.

If any Exchange has profited just a little by comments made during the year, we of the Collegian Staff, feel that our aim has not been missed. Every one has a different view as to the method in which his paper should be edited. As long as this policy is wholesome and is lived up to, there is little danger of presenting undesirable reading material.

The entire Collegian Staff sincerely wishes all Exchanges continued success in future publications. We are grateful for the many Exchanges received during this school year and hope that next September all of our "old faithfuls" will again make their appearance with new and higher standards in view.

He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honors.

Thomas A. Kempis.

But chief the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

—Bacon.

THE BOND OF FELLOWSHIP

We have woven a bond that's hard to tear,
For it grew strong
By the warp of friendship's cords,
And now defies
The ramp of impish force,
Or the roguish prattle of poisoned tongues.
Perchance we may unweave a tiny thread,
Or time may gnaw
These cords and make a rend
That unforseen
Will signal danger's flare;
But break these cords no ill will ever dare.
Each friend a strand makes in these sturdy cords,
One, that for years
By proof of solid worth
Has sealed his grasp
With firm resolve to bear
The strain of moil and toil that life affords.
The class of nineteen-thirty in this bond
Of fellowship
By their part in the whirl of days
Will show, for sooth!
That nothing frail or foul
Can cut these cords which they in faith have drawn.

F. A. Weiner, '30

LIBRARY NOTES

"At about 7:40 A. M. the motor was started and at 7:52 I took off on my flight to Paris." In these few, simple, colorless words Colonel Lindbergh tells of the beginning of his famous flight which was to

emblazon on every newspaper of the land his name and deed and which was to make him the idol of all people from kings and emperors down to the citizens of the common rank from which he rose. Many of us would have hesitated had we been invited to hop off with "Lindy" on this epoch-making flight through clouds, rain, and sleet, realizing that the nearest landing field was over three thousand miles in the distance and that all the time the waters below were raging, eager to add another adventurer to the already long list of those who had tried before and failed. This entire trip from the take-off at Roosevelt Field until the landing at Le Bourget Field was packed with adventure, and we can easily imagine with what degree of thankfulness and triumph Lindy, surrounded by admiring throngs, uttered those other simple words, "Here We are!" Many volumes of prose and even collections of poetry have appeared since the accomplishment of this great feat, but the most authentic and detailed is Lindbergh's own story, "We", in which he gives us an account of his early life as a student and his rise from a stunt flier and mail pilot up to the time when he landed at Le Bourget Field, awaited by anxious crowds who accepted him immediately as their idol of the air.

Thus many great travelers have through their writings made possible the enjoyment of adventure by those to whom it is denied in reality. To take another example, many of us, because of a frail constitution or a certain fear of the diseases and manifold dangers of the wilds of Africa, know little about the supposed secrets of this dark continent except for the somewhat limited knowledge gained from a study of geography in the grammar school.

Who, in his earlier boyhood during those venturesome years of youth, has not expressed the desire to visit these far away lands in quest of excitement and the thrill of shooting big game, only to find in his later years that the realization of such a wish is the lot of those only who have the money and the leisure to do so? Those few, however, who have explored Africa either for the sake of adventure or in quest of information have left us the results of their many months of tramping and discovery in large illustrated volumes, which give us a clear insight into the secrets of this impenetrable land. Theodore Roosevelt in the preface of his "African Game Trails" says, "I speak of Africa and golden joys; the joy of wandering through lonely lands, the joy of hunting the mighty and terrible lords of the wilderness, the cunning, the wary and the grim." Other equally interesting books on this subject are Henry Stanley's "In Darkest Africa" and "Through the Wilds of Africa", and David Livingstone's "Missionary Travels and Searches in South Africa". All these works have the same tendency, namely, to bring Africa in the family of continents instead of leaving it the earth's "pariah", to throw light on this black spot of our planet, and make those who inhabit it practically and morally what they really are,—a portion of the human race.

Leaving the heat and fever of the tropics behind, we can if we wish explore the frozen North and acquaint ourselves with the natives of this far away country, contrasting for ourselves the differences in custom, language, and mode of living between the races of people who inhabit the opposite extremes of the earth. What better known explorer and ad-

venturer could we take as our guide on a trip through the Arctic than Vilhjalmur Stefansson who has written several very interesting books on the lands and people of the North. In his "The Friendly Arctic" he tells the story of his five years in the Polar Regions, narrating many of the adventures and hair-breadth escapes that he and his party encountered while being marooned on an island of ice that kept drifting about in an unknown ocean. Equally interesting are "My Life with the Eskimo" by the same author, "Travels and Tramps in Alaska and Newfoundland" by William Thomas, "Adrift in the Arctic Ice Pack" by Elisha Kane, "Hunting and Adventure in the Arctic" by Fridtjof Nansen, and the "First Crossing of the Polar Seas" by the most famous Arctic explorers, Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth.

One of the most popular of present day writers is Richard Halliburton. His works of adventure are particularly thrilling because they recreate in an interesting manner places made famous by discoverers and writers of long ago. His first book, "The Royal Road to Romance" tells of his adventure in climbing the Matterhorn, his imprisonment at Gibraltar, his encounter with Chinese pirates, and how, to celebrate his twenty-third birthday, he astonished all Japan with the impossible feat of scaling ice-bound Fujiyama in the middle of January. In 1925 Halliburton sailed for Greece to accomplish one of his schoolboy ambitions. He traveled the stormy course of Ulysses from Troy home to Ithaca, and had sufficient energy besides to climb Mount Olympus, run the original Marathon, and be the first since Lord Byron to swim the Hellespont. These exploits and

adventures are related with gusto and humor in his second book, "The Glorious Adventure".

In his "New Worlds to Conquer" Halliburton rediscovers San Salvador, the island where Columbus first landed, sailing the same course but arriving in a sea plane instead of in three small ships. He followed the old trails of Cortez made during the Conquest of Peru, and in Yucatan, the land of the ancient Mayas, he found the famous Well of Death where human sacrifices were thrown to the Rain God, and from which a hundred skeletons of boys and girls have been dredged. To challenge the grim tradition of the pit he dived from the ancient sacrificial altar into the dark water seventy feet below, and then to satisfy doubters he did it again. He tells of his unprecedented feat of swimming fifty miles through the Panama Canal, an adventure which attracted wide newspaper notice at the time. He discovered for himself the horrors of Devil's Island in a visit covering four weeks, during which time he donned a prison uniform and lived among the condemned convicts. Finally he went to Robinson Crusoe's island, found himself a cave, a suit of goat's skin, a parrot, and a man, "Toosday", and reenacted Crusoe's story. Dullness is a stranger to all his pages. The quick exciting tempo of his own life is set down in his books with irresistible vivacity and charm, and any time spent in reading his works will never be regretted.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

—Longfellow.

TWILIGHT REUNION

In dreams replete with reverie,
In mellowed views of memory,
There comes to me the heart-felt tune
Of parting songs we sang in June:

“Though years may take us far apart,
Though sorrow great may rive the heart;
A friendly thought in mind shall dwell
For those to whom we bid farewell.”

Like flow'rs of May have passed the years—
Of brighter days the joyful seers,
And now I find myself once more
With other friends at parting's door.

While wand'ring through the spired town
Arrayed in cap and flowing gown,
I pause and think of olden friends
While time in glowing twilight blends.

I wonder where those pals can be!
Some wand'ring o'er the foaming sea?
Though they be spread to every clime
Friend's mem'ry cleaves the tide of time.

And so 'twill be in future years,
When age the brow of youth veneers;
Fond recollection will unite
The loyal friends I leave tonight.

I'm ling'ring in the evening dew:
Those friends, to mem'ry's call yet true,
A tale of yore right well unweave
As they come back to me at eve.

Victor J. Pax '30

SOCIETIES

A BIT OF APPRECIATION

While praise is showered upon the cast of every successful play, few, if any, stop to give praise where perhaps it is more due than to the cast. The public programs of both the C. L. S. and the Newman Club are successful to a large extent because of the strenuous coaching and directing of these programs on the part of their moderator Fr. Ildephonse Rapp. It is because Fr. Ildephonse has the welfare of his dramatic organizations at heart that he cheerfully sacrifices over half of his evenings each school year to drill and practice the players for all public performances. To him, therefore, we extend a sincere vote of gratitude, with the hope that he may continue to preside over the C. L. S. and the Newman Club as their moderator and guide for many years to come.

The exacting duties of the stage managers and the excellent way in which they performed their work, merit public recognition and thanks for Raymond Guillozet, Ralph Luthman and Clarence Rable. May their efforts ever be as much appreciated as they have been during this past year.

Likewise to Professor Paul C. Tonner, together with the members of his College Band and Orchestra, is a token of appreciation due for the numerous hours spent in practicing the many fine musical selections which have added so much enjoyment to every public performance this year.

So, here's a libation to each and every person who has been in any way responsible for the many evenings of pleasant entertainment enjoyed in the College Auditorium during the past school year.

May they all enjoy the inward satisfaction of having done something well to make others happy, for there is no earthly joy better than that obtained from making others cheerful.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

A well written comedy, with an interesting plot, presented in an excellent manner, is but a mild description of the play which was thoroughly enjoyed by the Alumni of St. Joseph's, together with the residents of Collegeville and vicinity, on the eve of Alumni Day, May 13. As a result local opinion is unanimous in awarding first place among the past five years' dramatic presentations to this C. L. S. production "Take My Advice" by Elliot Lester.

The play begins with Bud Weaver's quitting Prep. school so he can marry his "divine inspiration", Marella Scotte. His sister, Ann, is very desirous of going to a dramatic school in New York because Kerry Van Kind, a young man with a very artistic temperament, tells her that she is bubbling over with personal magnetism and that with the proper training she can become a star within a year. Mrs. Weaver is positive that her husband could make a fortune by buying stock in the South American Petroleum Co., because according to her meaningless, superstitious fad, his number vibrates with that of the Oil Company.

Into a family such as this Bud's English teacher, Professor Clement, comes who, as Bud says, is more like a human being than a professor. His purpose is to get Bud to continue his studies, but when he reaches the Weaver residence and discovers this rather complicated state of affairs he sets about to help restore harmony in the family by applying a few

of his theories. Clement succeeds in having Van Kind, Marella, and Jimmy Thayer, the oil stock agent, come to dinner at the Weavers. Here he proves to Ann that the Dramatic School is merely trying to enroll anyone who will fall for its offer to make him a star in a year. This he does by acting before Van, acting very badly, purposely so, but in the end Van offers to have him enrolled in the over-filled school because he is so talented.

In order to save Bud from Marella, the fastest, fiercest vamp in town, Clement stages a love scene with her, and when Bud sees it, he realized that Marella is only a common flirt.

Then to settle the fake oil stock, Clement allows Jimmy Thayer to work his sales-talk up to a climax, and then suddenly leaves the room. Upon his return, Jimmy is obliged to begin all over again. Mr. Weaver does the same thing several times over as Clement had instructed him.

The power of numbers which was Mrs. Weaver's weakness, Clement outrightly crushes. In order to cure each of the Weavers permanently, Clement then pretends that he is really in love with Marella, that he intends going to the Dramatic School, that he has invested all his money in South American Oil, and that he will henceforth spell his name with a double "m" so that he can be a doer of big things, a power among men.

When the family learns this, each member falls back into his old fault. Weaver thinks if the stock is good enough for the Professor, it's good enough for him, and so he buys \$10,000 worth of it. Ann says that if Clement is going to New York, she wants to be there too, so Mrs. Weaver changes Ann's name to Annette so that her number will be artistic.

Marella comes back to Bud and they are happy, but then Clement appears on the scene and clears up the entire muddle. In reality, Marella is Thayer's wife who becomes engaged to the men and persuades them to get rich by buying stock. Jimmy sells to them and then the two go to another town. This time their little game didn't work, so Jimmy tears up Weaver's check and Marella and he leave town. Ann gives up her foolish stage plans, and so Van Kind leaves—thwarted. Mrs. Weaver resolves to give up her nonsense about numbers. Mr. Weaver has learned how to handle salesmen, and Bud goes back to school.

Professor Clement thanks Ann for all she tried to do to save him from her own faults, but declines to talk any further until he has thought things over because, as he says his talk might sound like that of a silly school boy. To this Ann replies, "But you know I love—silly school boys."

Thus ended the best play of several years. It will be sufficient so say that each member of the cast did his best to cooperate with Fr. Ildephonse to make the play the huge success which it was.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bud Weaver	-----	Rouleau Joubert
Ann Weaver	-----	John Baechle
Jim Thayer	-----	Charles Baron
Kerry Van Kind	-----	Thomas Durkin
John Weaver	-----	Alois Friedrich
Mrs. Weaver	-----	Francis Weiner
Professor Clement	-----	Lawrence Grothouse
Marella Scotte	-----	Edmund Binsfeld

NEWMAN CLUB

The crowning feature of the Newman Club's work this year was the splendid production on Sunday, May 4, of the three act comedy, "All Night Long" by Felicia Metcalf. In this play the audience was kept in suspense until the very end of the play as to the motive of the various complications that were brought into evidence. The rise of the curtain disclosed the thoroughly disarranged sitting-room of the rural home into which Mr. and Mrs. Smith had just moved. That something strange was pending became evident from the fact that three apparently vague telegrams addressed to "Anyone" were delivered to the Smith's new home. Then a certain young man, Ted Blake, arrives and claims that a certain friend of his is a boarder with the Smiths and insists upon awaiting his friend's return. Having rid themselves of his presence, Mr. Smith answers the door-bell once more, and a young lady, Alice Vanderverter, falls fainting into his arms. After she regains consciousness, she asserts that she is looking for a certain Mr. Monroe whose address is that of the Smith residence. Then, feigning a sprained ankle, she persuades the hosts to permit her to remain there till morning, alleging that her car is out of order. Just after the Smiths had finally retired, the former owner of the house, Mr. Monroe, a hen-pecked preacher, returns to the house much worried over the diamond ring which his wife had mislaid when they moved out, and together with Mr. and Mrs. Smith he searches the entire house, but all in vain. When he is ready to leave, he discovers that his taxi has failed to wait for him, and lest he may have to walk home, Alice Vanderverter loans him her car after she had Mr. Smith fix the carburator.

Peace at last reigns, until an officer arrives and

informs Alice who is sleeping on the sofa of the sitting-room that Mr. Monroe has been arrested for driving a stolen car which he said had been loaned to him at the Smith residence. Alice sends the officer to another house with the same address except that the street direction is East instead of West. Then Ted Blake returns and is glad to find Alice there. Together they await the arrival of a third party before they go on with their plans. The coming of Mr. Woffingford adds another complication when he says that there is a reward for the capture of Alice whom he has trailed to this house. While Mr. Woffingford is searching the house for Alice, she calls Ted from his hiding place, and they persuade the minister, Mr. Monroe, to perform their marriage ceremony.

Alice unravels the complications by revealing that she has run away from a boarding school of which Woffingford is the president in order to marry Ted. The latter was to meet her at the old Monroe residence, and when the stroke of twelve had made Alice of age, they were to be married by Mr. Monroe's nephew, also a preacher, who was to meet them at his uncle's house.

A shrill voice, the flourish of an umbrella partly hiding a miniature garden that serves as a headpiece, and in comes Mrs. Monroe, a typical Xantippe, in search of her poor husband who is still worried about the ring which was in his wife's pocket-book all evening. Having been previously summoned by Woffingford, Mr. Vanderventer arrives, and after Alice has told her father everything, he wishes the happy couple success and joy for the future.

Since the whole affair is cleared up all leave, allowing the Smiths to snatch a bit of sleep before

cagerly viewing their write-up in the morning's paper under the headlines, "Ted Blake, Millionaire's Son Marries Secretly."

The acting of the players was of such a type that, although the play itself was a bit drawn out for the first two acts, the audience, nevertheless enjoyed the entertainment very much.

THE CAST

Mr. Smith	-----	Arthur Reineck
Ted Blake	-----	Chester Pawlak
Mr. Monroe	-----	Robert Nieset
Mr. Woffingford	-----	Howard Hoover
Mr. Vanderventer	-----	John Byrne
An Officer	-----	Donald DeMars
Alice Vanderventer	-----	Bernard Hartlage
Mrs. Smith	-----	Aloysius Phillips
Mrs. Monroe	-----	Frederick Snyder

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

After a short business meeting on May 17, the activities of the D. M. U. were brought to a close by Fr. Knue's presentation of the following awards:

\$2.50 in gold awarded to Francis Weiner and John Baechle respectively as joint winners of the D. M. U. lyric contest.

\$5.00 in gold awarded to Chester Kruczek as winner of short story contest.

\$1.00 in trade at the Mission Store was awarded to the following: Walter Junk, sixth class; Joseph Szaniszlo, fifth class; Maurice Meyers, fourth class; William Zink, third class; William McKune, second class; Jerry Roth, first class.

A special prize was awarded to Jerry Roth for having written the best story among the students of the lower study hall.

Honorary mentions were awarded to the following: Samuel Homsey, sixth class; Edmund Binsfeld, fifth class; Raphael Gross, fourth class; Vernon Rosenthal, second class; Vincent Herman, first class.

The degree of Paladin with merit was conferred upon Francis Gengler for the successful completion of two Round Table Study Courses.

The degree of Paladin Leadership was conferred upon Bela Szemetko for leadership in the D. M. U. during 1929-1930.

Then followed a very good three act drama of missions and life in India "In This Sign" by Charles M. O'Hara, S. J. Colonel O'Malley arrives on Banpur with his Irish Fusiliers to control an uprising among the villagers. Dhana Singh Khan, chieftain of the village is hostile to the soldiers and to the white priest, Fr. O'Shea—evilily influenced thus by Newala, a Brahmin high priest. The son of Dhana Singh wants to become a Catholic priest. Fr. O'Shea, with the help of Colonel O'Malley finally succeeds after many futile attempts to send him to the seminary. It is through this incident that the main actions of the play evolve—the rebellion of the natives, the finding of the blood-dagger, and the danger of death overshadowing Colonel O'Malley and his troops.

The romantic elements is furnished by Jack Vincent, an American engineer, who is supervising the construction of a railroad through Banpur, and Eileen O'Malley, who, contrary to her father's commands, comes to Banpur with her elderly maid, Nora, deep from Ireland. Nora and Farguharson, an English aide de camp of O'Malley, furnish the comic supplement to the drama. The Hindus believe in the mountain god whose echoes are—as they think—answers to their prayers. Dhana is completely con-

verted when the mountain god is dynamited so the railway can pass through, and his son is permitted to become a priest, and the uprising is quelled.

Sincere thanks are due to Fr. Ley for having so very successfully directed this play which stands out as the greatest achievement in the line of mission plays which the D. M. U. has ever attempted. Each member of the cast did very good work in adapting himself to the spirit and foreign setting of the play, and hence all are to be congratulated on the success which crowns their loyal efforts.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dhana Singh Khan	-----	Joseph Otte
Newala Shaitan	-----	Leo Lemkuhl
Fr. O'Shea	-----	Francis Mooney
Peter	-----	Herman Schnurr
Taradin	-----	Michael Vichuras
Colonel O'Malley	-----	Stephen Tatar
Sergeant Farguharson	-----	Leonard Storch
Jack Vincent	-----	Leonard Cross
Eileen O'Malley	-----	Mark Kelly
Nora	-----	Thomas Durkin

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The home stretch is always the most interesting and the most snappy feature in any race. The final run of months in the yearly musical course at St. Joseph's is no exception to this fact. These months are filled with the cheer of various concerts and programs which not only give evidence of the work done during the school year, but also furnish the last round of much-desired musical treats.

At the Newman program, May 4, the audience was entertained with several fine band numbers and excellent violin solos. The solos were played by John

Kraus. The first of these, "Brindisi", by Alard, though a very difficult piece, abounding as it does in many masterly variations on a classical theme, was exceptionally well rendered. As an encore, Kraus played "Berceuse", by Townsend.

The band put in its appearance again on the eve of Alumni Day to fill out intermissions between acts of the play that was staged on that occasion. It performed in the same capacity at the mission play. On both appearances its performances were received with enthusiasm.

It may not be a pleasant task to play to the accompaniment of sweet smelling viands and the clatter of dishes, but that is just what the orchestra did at the banquet given to the visiting Alumni on May 14. Nobody doubts that the banquet was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, but that the music drew attention, and that repeatedly, was evident from the hearty applause that frequently rang through the hall.

Alvin Ireck sang two very delightful songs at the mission entertainment, May 17. The inspiring words of the songs coupled with the sympathetic expression on the part of Mr. Ireck produced an entrancing effect.

Several evening band concerts are yet to be given, and the orchestra will put in its final showing at the commencement exercises. Judging from the success of past musical entertainments there are good reasons to expect that the coming treats to be given by the band and orchestra will be in every respect pleasing.

IN MEMORIAM

On the evening of May 13, Brother William Druecker, C.P.P.S. was called away by death after

several months of illness. For the space of forty-two years Brother William labored faithfully as a member of the Society of the Most Precious Blood. From 1898 forward, he held the position of prefect in one of the studyhalls at St. Joseph's. In this capacity he displayed a sense of duty that is not easy to equal. In fact the institution found him most dependable in every office assigned to his charge, and in consequence his absence from the scene of college activities is very keenly felt. A real religious, a devoted Brother, and a reliable laborer, such was Brother William up to the close of his long life. As a model man his memory will long be cherished and respected.

Students at the college are agreed in the opinion that there never was occasion to take exception to any of the actions of Brother William. In his dealings with them, as they all admit, he was never too severe or too lax. Absolute impartiality was his rule in his relations to everyone under his supervision. There is no wonder then that the "old boys" who returned annually on Alumni Day were anxious to meet him and to have a chat with him about the events of years long past. By his death the "old boys" will find themselves deprived of an attraction that cannot be easily replaced.

Funeral services were held at the college chapel on May 15. The Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Father Anthony Paluszak. In his sermon, the Very Rev. Rector, Joseph B. Kenkel, beautifully summarized the faithful life of Brother William in the text, "Because thou hast been faithful in little things, I shall set thee over greater things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." To the words of this text and to the eulogy pronounced by the Very

Rev. Rector, all those living at St. Joseph's College add their heartfelt and devout prayers concluding with the solemn words, "May the great and good soul of Brother William eternally rest in happiness and peace."

LOCALS

The approach of commencement is hailed by the students and by the graduates of St. Joseph's in particular with that anticipation of cheer and good feeling which usually prevails when the conferring of honors and a gathering of friends and relatives are expected. May the day really be a memorable one for the Class of '30. To make the occasion an impressive one, The Right Rev. John Francis Noll, D. D., Bishop of Ft. Wayne, will be present at this the thirty-fifth annual commencement and will distribute the diplomas and awards. The graduates of St. Joseph's always consider it a distinct honor to receive their diplomas and awards from the hands of the dearly loved and highly esteemed Bishop of Ft. Wayne.

A real treat is in store for the graduates and for all who will attend the commencement exercises in the baccalaureate address that will be delivered by the Rev. William Sullivan, pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Crawfordsville, Ind., as Father Sullivan is known to be an interesting speaker. The graduates are particularly pleased that he was chosen for this office, and very especially so, since Father Sullivan is himself a graduate of St. Joseph's, having been graduated at this college in 1897.

The good cheer of commencement day will be enhanced by various entertainments. The band will

give prolonged concerts; the orchestra will do its best, and the C. L. S. will stage the play, "The Morning After". Immediately before the play is opened, F. Weiner, a graduate, will deliver an address of welcome in behalf of the graduates to all visitors. On the morning of June 10, the Very Rev. Rector, Joseph B. Kenkel, C.P.P.S. will direct the exercises. He will introduce the baccalaureate speaker, Father Sullivan, and the valedictorian, Mr. Thomas Durkin. After these addresses have been made, he will assist the Rt. Rev. Bishop in the distribution of diplomas and awards. The college song accompanied by the orchestra will be the farewell call to the graduates by their Alma Mater.

ALUMNI DAY

Outside of bad weather, Alumni Day was celebrated with much jollification and enthusiasm. Perhaps the bad weather was due to the prayers of some of the Alumni who feared that they might lose the annual ball game—so at least the students think. Well, the weather did not permit playing, so the ball game was called off. At the next meeting it is hoped that the diamond will be in shape to allow either the Alumni or the students to hang their heads—whipped. But there was a bright spot in the celebration which the bad weather could not becloud, namely, the play given by the C. L. S. in honor of the Alumni. With one accord all pronounced that play a real entertainment. Come again, Alumni, everybody here wants you to have a good time at your Alma Mater, and a much better time than you had at the recent celebration, but don't pray for bad

weather, as the local students want to give you a whitewashing in the ball game.

Besides the play, the other feature that adds much to good cheer on Alumni Day is the banquet. This banquet is not merely a matter of eating to the accompaniment of orchestral music, but gives a chance to those who are called upon to add a touch of humor to the affair in the form of toasts. At the recent banquet, like those of former years, this matter of making pleasant little speeches held place. After the several speakers had unloaded their ideas, the annual election of officers took place. The following were elected: president, The Rev. Edward Vurpillat; first vice president, Mr. George Sindelar; second vice president, Mr. John Kallal; secretary and treasurer, Mr. Henry Hipkind; historian, The Rev. Meinrad B. Koester, C.P.P.S.; executive committee, The Rev. Carl Schnit and Mr. Bernard Lear; essay judges, the Rev. Julian Voskuhl, C.P.P.S., Mr. Medard Gabel, The Rev. Philip Rose; auditors, Mr. Ferdinand Kuentzel, Mr. Joseph LaMere.

In the course of the business meeting it was agreed upon by unanimous vote that in future the graduating class at the college shall be made members of the Alumni Association and shall attend the banquet given on the occasion.

On May 5, the winners in the Alumni Prize Essay Contest were announced. The medal for the best essay went to John Talbot Spalding. The second prize medal went to Robert Nieset. Edmund Binsfeld and Michael Lally are up for honorary mention as winners in the third place. The medals will be

awarded and the honorary mention will be made in connection with the commencement exercises.

COLLEGE BANQUET

On May 7, the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the students of the college department enjoyed a delightful banquet. At eleven o'clock on that day the students of '30 and '31, representing "Baker Hall", repaired to the banqueting hall of Wright Brother's Inn, Rensselaer, where they found everything decorated with bunting and streamers of red and blue, the class colors of '30.

Mr. Herman Reineck acted as toastmaster, and under his direction a pleasing program was given that was in every respect characterized by the heartiest good cheer. Virgil Van Oss, Charles Baron, and Hugo Uhrich entertained with songs, while Edward Miller, better known as "Elmer", presented his views on "These Modern Conveniences". The sweet strains of the "Baker Hall" Victory March, recalling olden days brought the banquet to a grand close.

St. Joseph's has had its excellent debates and remarkable essay contests, but the contest held for the Conroy Oratory Medal, May 25 of this year, is equal in all respects to any others that were ever carried out at this college.

Father I. J. Rapp, acting as chairman, introduced the contestants in following order: Thomas Durkin, Victor Pax, John Kraus, Russel Gillig, Virgil Van Oss, and Marcellus Dreiling.

After an exceptionally long deliberation on the part of the judges, John Baechle, Edward Miller, and Walter Junk, who were picked by the contestants themselves, Thomas Durkin was declared the winner of the Conroy Oratory Medal. His oration was entitled, "Pyramids of Today". "Jealousy and Young America", by Marcellus Dreiling, and "Freedom, Justice, and Liberty", by Russel Gillig, were second in merit. The latter two contestants will each receive five dollars in gold as their reward.

Immediately after the contest the members of the Sixth Class and their professors repaired to the dining hall for the traditional class banquet. The banquet, together with the smokes and several pleasing speeches that served as toasts, was avowedly the end of a perfect day, and a fit conclusion of the memorable Oratory contest of 1930.

ATHLETICS

Due to the short space allowed the Sport Section of the Commencement issue of the Collegian, and since the winners of the various baseball leagues have not yet been decided, this section of the Collegian will be used to make a brief review of the sport activities of the Class of 1930.

Four Senior League pennants, two football and two baseball, have been won by the class. Second place was held five times. Only one younger class has ever won a pennant. The following is a brief summary of the last five years:

Activity	Standing	Manager	Captain
Football	Third	*R. Anderson	*T. Bonk
Football	Second	-----	*R. Anderson
Football	First	*W. Billinger	J. Herod
Football	Second	J. Herod	J. Connor
Football	First	J. Herod	J. Connor
Basketball	Fourth	*J. Weigel	M. Dreiling
Basketball	Second	A. Grot	M. Dreiling
Basketball	Third	*F. Otto	J. Herod
Basketball	Third	J. Herod	*J. Weigel
Basketball	Second	M. Dreiling	F. Moore
Baseball	Fifth	*S. Miles	M. Dreiling
Baseball	First	*R. Anderson	M. Dreiling
Baseball	Second	M. Dreiling	J. Herod
Baseball	First	M. Dreiling	J. Herod
Baseball	-----	H. Urich	J. Herod

*Left school before Sixth year.

In the school year of 1929-30, the football pennant was won by the Sixths, the basketball by the Fifths, and the baseball by ——?——. All in all, it can be said that St. Joseph's present sport season has been the best in the history of the College.

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

SENTIMENTS

Think quickly, if thought comes to you
Of a sudden thrill, to compare
With sitting in space, and if true
You really thought it was a chair.

And one day as I chanced to pass
A beaver was "damming" the river.
A man who has run out of gas
Will do the same to his flivver.

Flunked in Latin, flunked in Greek;
We hear some fellows softly hiss,
I'd like to find the dirty freak
Who said that ignorance is bliss.
E. M., '30

Gruff father to son: Why don't you get out and find a job? When I was your age I was working in a store for three dollars a week, and at the end of five years I owned the store.

Son: You can't do that nowadays. They have cash registers.

Charlie: Say, Art, an ant can lift four times its weight in meat or cake.

Art: That's nothing, a wasp can lift a man three feet in the air without the least trouble.

"Ma'am, here's a man at the door with a parcel for you."

"What is it?"

"It's a fish, ma'am, and it is marked C. O. D."

"Then make the man take it straight back to the store keeper. I ordered trout."

"Hey there, shut the door!" a street car passenger yelled to a newcomer. "Were you born in a barn?"

To the amazement of everyone, the man after closing the door sat down and wept.

"Say, brother, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," the first man apologized.

"That's just it," sobbed the other. "I was born in a barn, and it makes me homesick every time I hear a jackass howl."

Son: Daddy, who was Hamlet?

Father: Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Bring me the Bible and I'll show you.

Zukie: Adam was a great sprinter.

Kelly: How do you know.

Zukie: He was the first in the human race.

We know somebody that is so hard that he uses thumb tacks for garters.

Faber: Did you ever hear the story about the Iroquois River?

Curtis: No. Tell me.

Faber: I can't it's too dirty.

A Scotchman always held his nose while he downed his whiskey. His cronies were frankly puzzled until one of them asked him the reason.

"Well," answered the Scot, "if I smell whiskey, my mouth will begin to water, and I don't want my whiskey diluted."

He wrote to the editor, thus: "How can I keep postage stamps from sticking together?"

Editor's reply: "Buy 'em one at a time."

Women haven't changed much in the last 10,000 years or so, states a geologist, directing excavation work near Moundville, Ala.

"With approximately 600 skeletons unearthed," he states, "all of the women had their mouths open."

Chuckie: Have you ever been to China?

Elliott: Yes, I just went over to Peek-in.

CLOSING OUT

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said:
Shoot if you must this old grey head,
But don't fail to give us our daily bread.

When you and I were young, Maggie—
When knighthood was in flower,
Hardly a man is now alive.
Who remembers that famous hour.

Ah! Somewhere a new voice is at bay,
Everywhere I roam;
Ever since the day Sally went away
There's no place like home.

No more shall we hear that bell
As the sun illumines the dormitory.
To us it seems just as well
To sleep right in the reformatory.

(and if Ben Jonson were here for prohibition
he would say)

Drink to me only with thine eyes
And touch thee not mine flask,
For gin a pretty shilling costs,
And an endless thirst thou hast.

E. M., '30

FINAL

The humorist may dig and toil
Till his finger tips are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say,
"I've heard that joke before."

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